

DAREDEVIL

MARVEL COMICS GROUP



20¢ 103  
SEPT  
02459

# DAREDEVIL<sup>®</sup>

## AND THE BLACK WIDOW



FACE IT  
HORNHEAD--

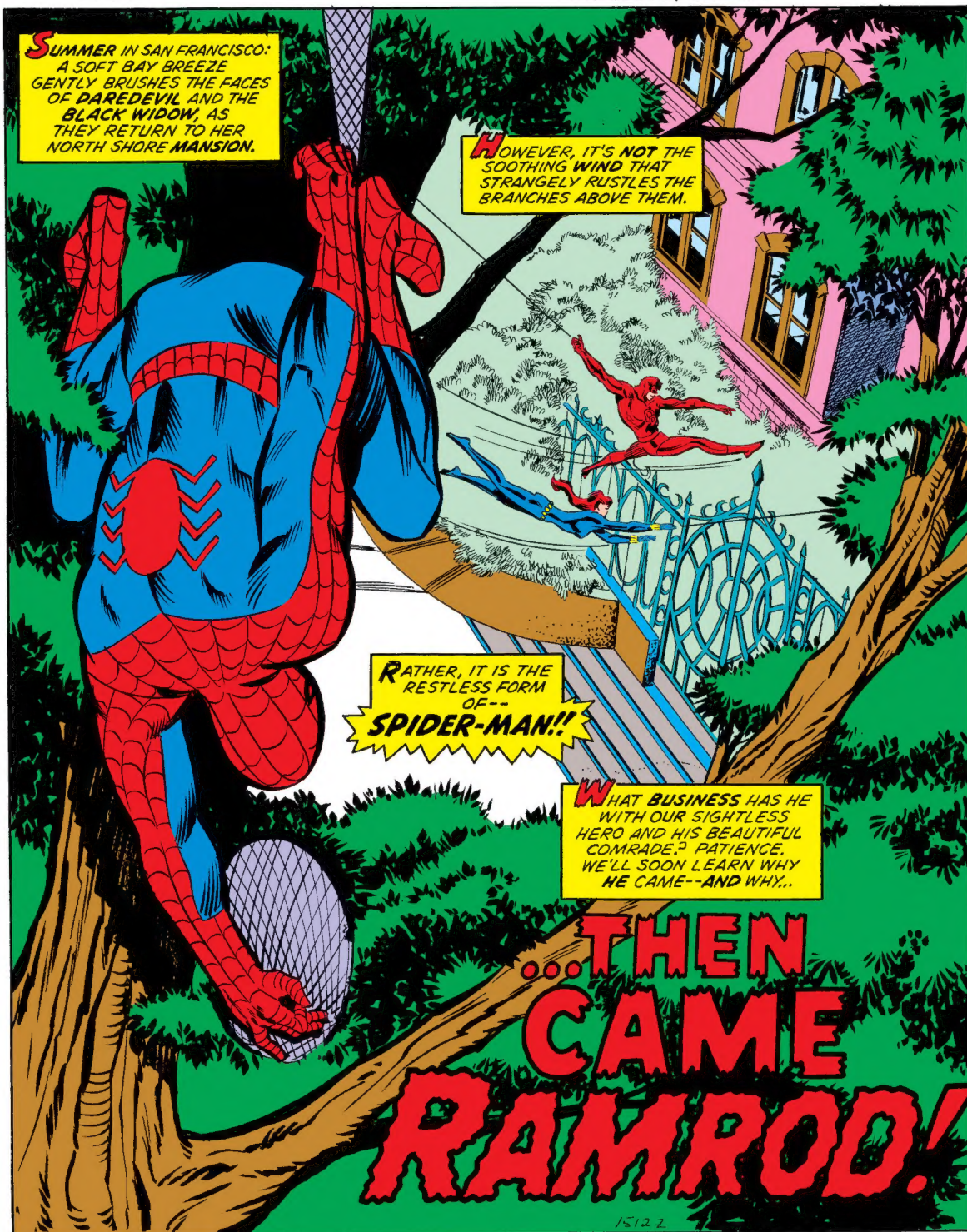
**SPIDER-MAN**  
CAN'T HELP YOU--  
AND NEITHER CAN  
THE **WIDOW!**

AIN'T ENOUGH  
SUPERHEROES IN  
THE **WORLD** TO  
BEAT UP ON  
**RAMROD!**



Stan Lee  
PRESENTS: **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!**™

STEVE GERBER . DON HECK . SAL TRAPANI . ARTIE SIMEK, LETTERING . ROY THOMAS  
STORY ART INKING G. ROUSSOS, COLORING EDITOR



**S**UMMER IN SAN FRANCISCO:  
A SOFT BAY BREEZE  
GENTLY BRUSHES THE FACES  
OF DAREDEVIL AND THE  
BLACK WIDOW, AS  
THEY RETURN TO HER  
NORTH SHORE MANSION.

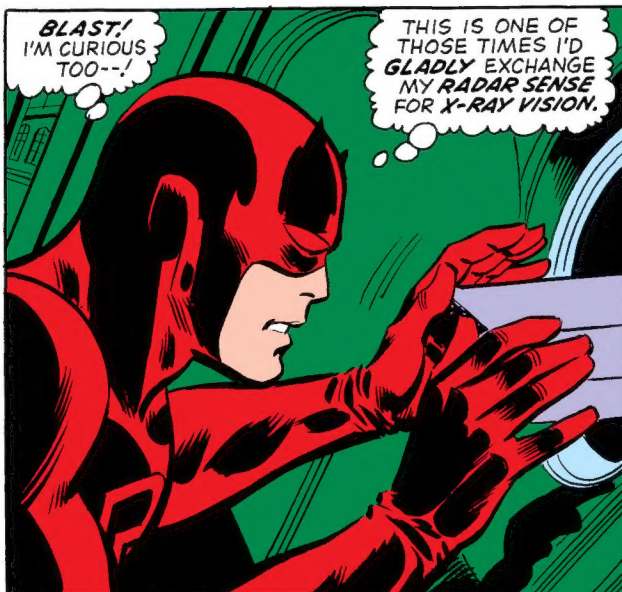
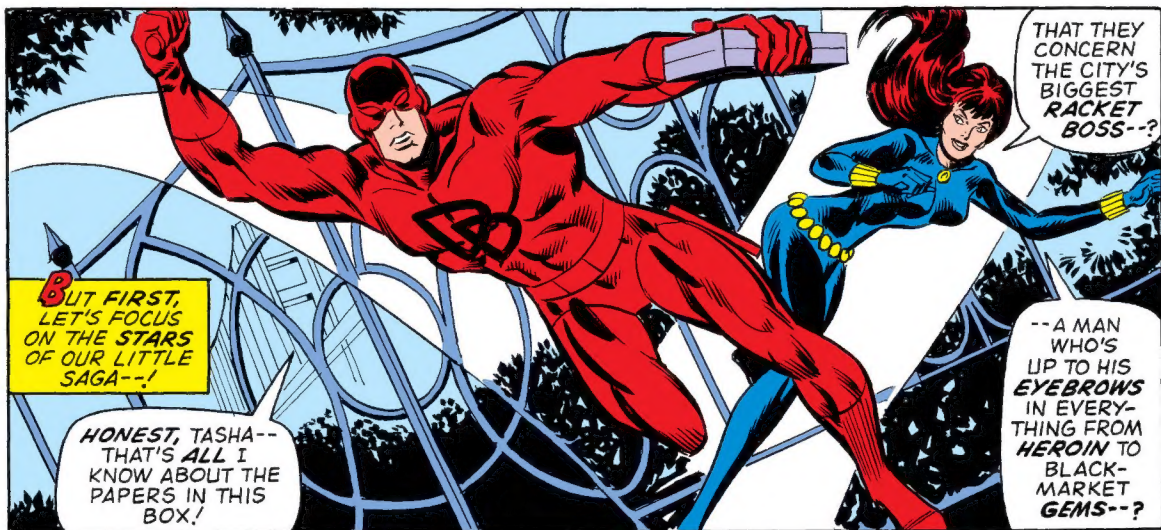
**H**OWEVER, IT'S NOT THE  
SOOTHING WIND THAT  
STRANGELY RUSTLES THE  
BRANCHES ABOVE THEM.

**R**ATHER, IT IS THE  
RESTLESS FORM  
OF--  
**SPIDER-MAN!!**

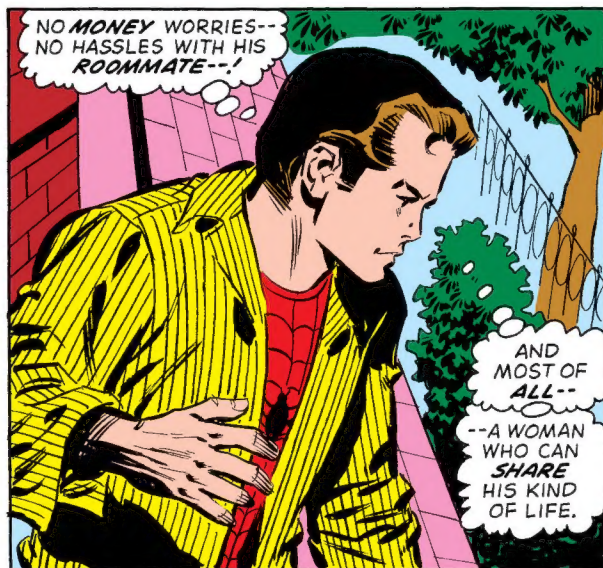
**W**HAT BUSINESS HAS HE  
WITH OUR SIGHTLESS  
HERO AND HIS BEAUTIFUL  
COMRADE? PATIENCE.  
WE'LL SOON LEARN WHY  
HE CAME--AND WHY...

**...THEN  
CAME  
RAMROD!**













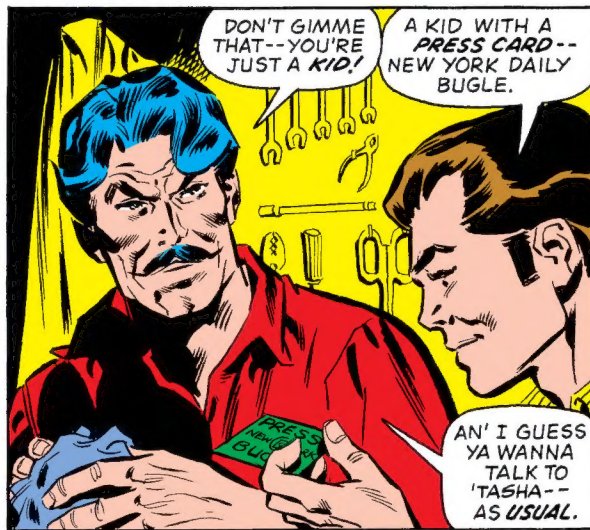
NOW THAT *IS* FUNN--! UH-OH- EH, *HI* THERE!

HEY! WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' SNOOPIN'--? OH--A CAMERA!

ANOTHER CRUMMY TOURIST.

CRUMMY, MAYBE-- BUT NO TOURIST.

I'M THE OTHER CLICHÉ-- A NOSY REPORTER.



DON'T GIMME THAT--YOU'RE JUST A KID!

A KID WITH A *PRESS CARD*-- NEW YORK DAILY BUGLE.

AN' I GUESS YA WANNA TALK TO 'TASHA-- AS USUAL.



YOU OUGHTTA WRITE ABOUT *ME*! NO FLASHY COSTUME--NO CORNY *NAME*--

--JUST RAW GUTS AN' HUMAN *DRAMA*!



SOUNDS *GOOD*, PAL--BUT RIGHT NOW MY ASSIGNMENT's DD AND THE WIDOW.

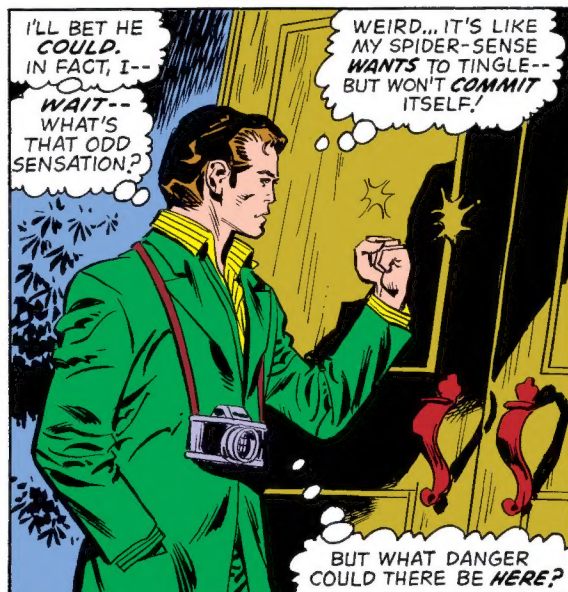
KNOW WHERE I CAN *FIND* THEM?



YEAH--JUST GO RAP ON THE FRONT DOOR.

BUT I *STILL* THINK YOU'RE MAKIN' A MISTAKE.

I COULD TELL YOU SOME *STORIES*...!



I'LL BET HE *COULD*. IN FACT, I--

WAIT--WHAT'S THAT ODD SENSATION?

WEIRD...IT'S LIKE MY SPIDER-SENSE *WANTS* TO TINGLE--BUT WON'T *COMMIT* ITSELF!

BUT WHAT DANGER COULD THERE BE *HERE*?



YES...MAY I *HELP* YOU?

IF YOU'RE THE *BLACK WIDOW* YOU CAN. I'M PETER PARKER--

--AN' I *SAW* DAREDEVIL COME *SWINGIN'* THIS WAY!





ALL  
LOCKED  
AWAY--  
SAFE  
AND  
COZY.

OH! WHO'S  
OU-ER, YOUR  
GUEST?

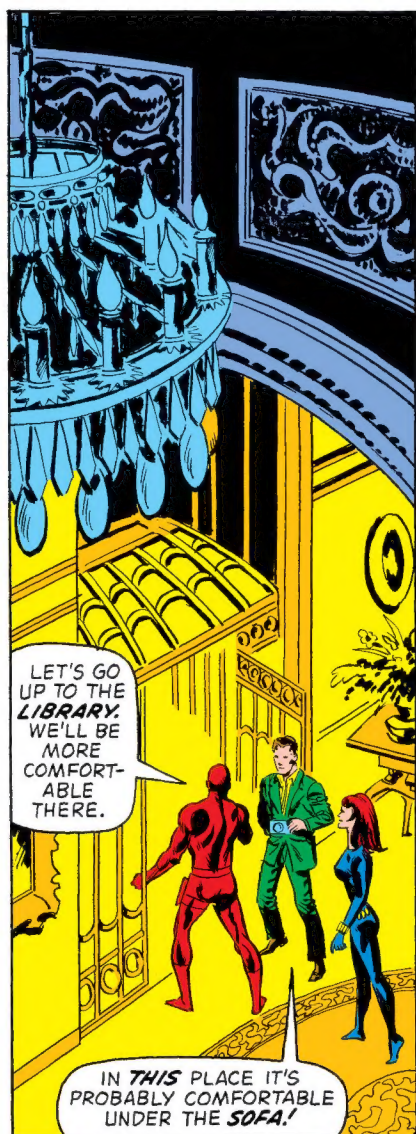
I WAS JUST  
GETTING  
READY TO  
FIND OUT.



AND WHEN  
PETE HAS  
EXPLAINED--

NO, NO  
TROUBLE  
AT ALL.  
I'M  
GETTING  
USED TO  
THIS  
SORT OF  
THING.\*

\*SEE DD/BW#100.--R.



LET'S GO  
UP TO THE  
LIBRARY.  
WE'LL BE  
MORE  
COMFORT-  
ABLE  
THERE.

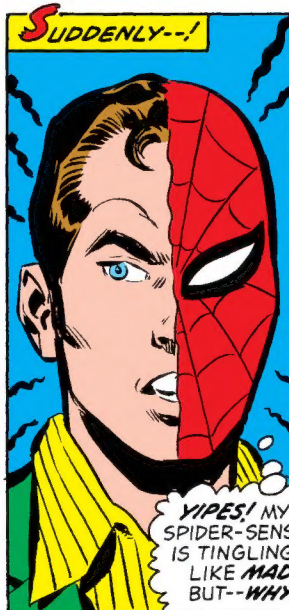
IN *THIS* PLACE IT'S  
PROBABLY COMFORTABLE  
UNDER THE *SOFA*!



THAT "CAGE LIFT"  
IS *UNREAL*.  
IS ALL THIS  
YOURS?

ONLY FOR A FEW  
MONTHS, NATASHA  
RENTED IT--

--WITH THE  
*LAST* OF HER  
INHERITANCE.



*S*UDDENLY--!

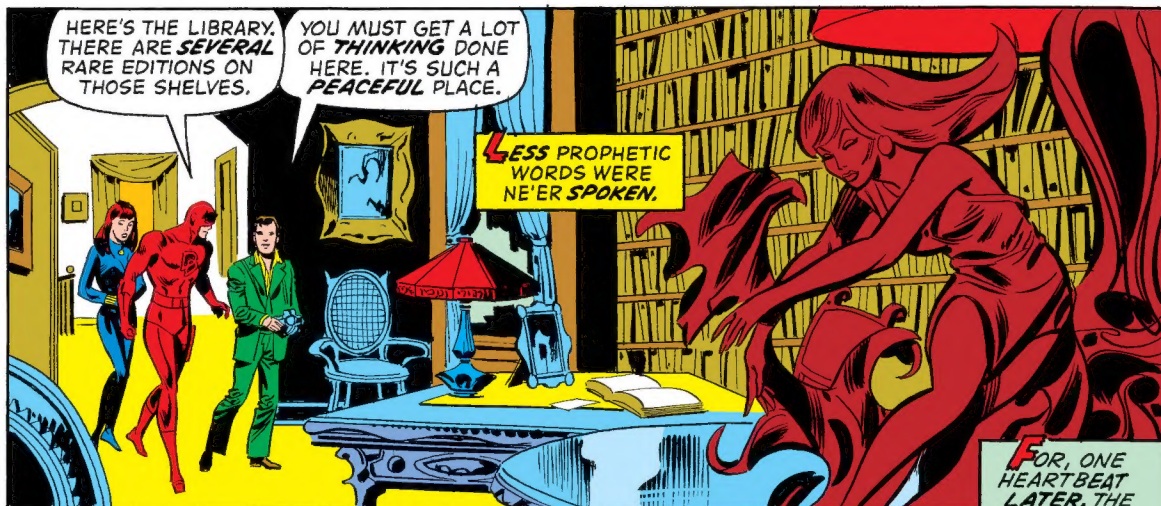
*YIPES!* MY  
SPIDER-SENSE  
IS TINGLING  
LIKE *MAD*!  
BUT--*WHY?*



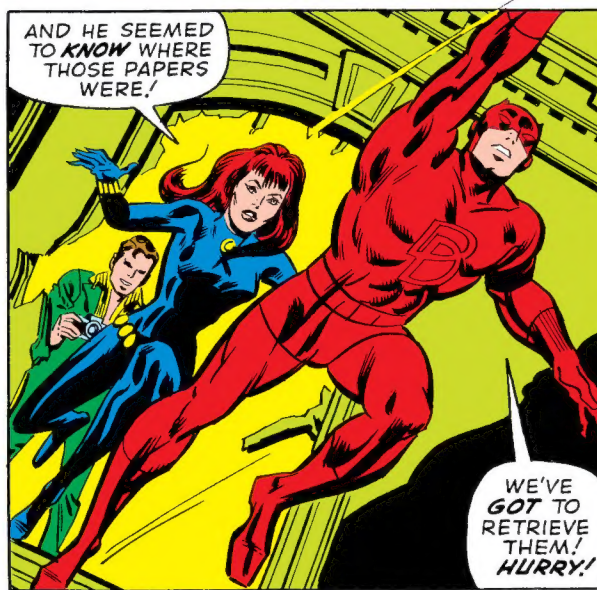
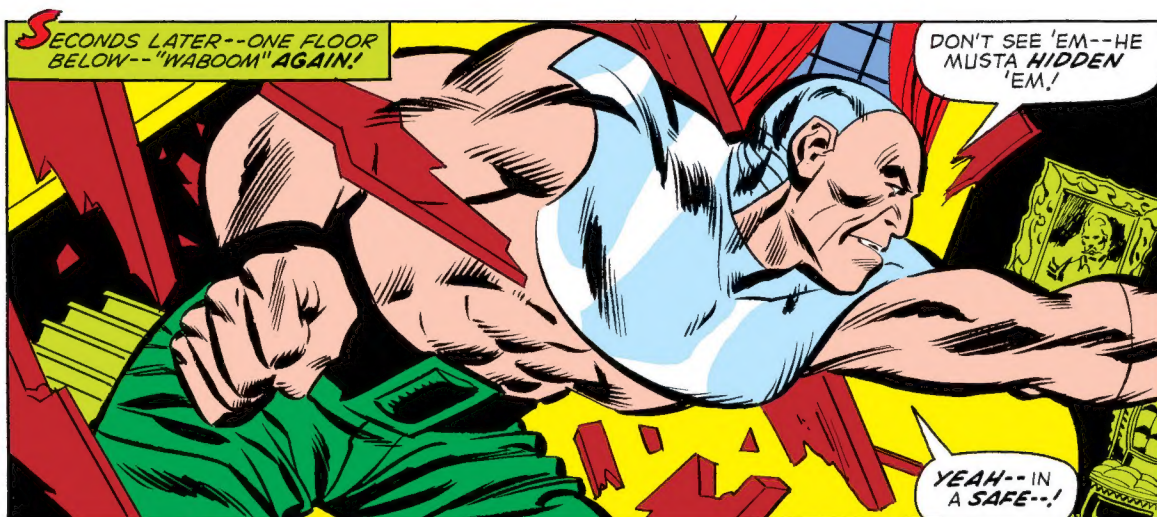
SOMETHING  
*WRONG*,  
MR. PARKER?

HUH--? OH, NO--NO,  
JUST A TWINGE  
FROM MY *ULCER*.

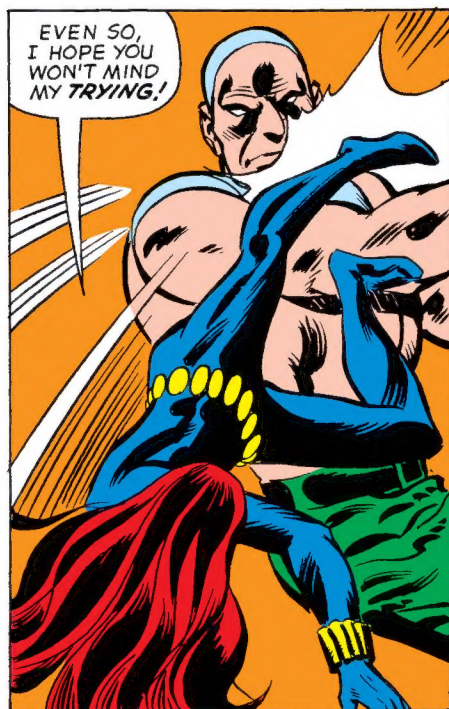
















SO MAYBE  
I'LL SEE YOU  
AGAIN--

--IF YOU  
CAN  
CATCH ME!  
SO LONG...  
"HEROES"!



OH, WELL...IT MADE  
GOOD PICTURES,  
ANYWAY.

ARE YOU  
ALL RIGHT,  
MS.  
ROMANOFF?

JUST  
SHAKEN--  
I'LL BE  
FINE.



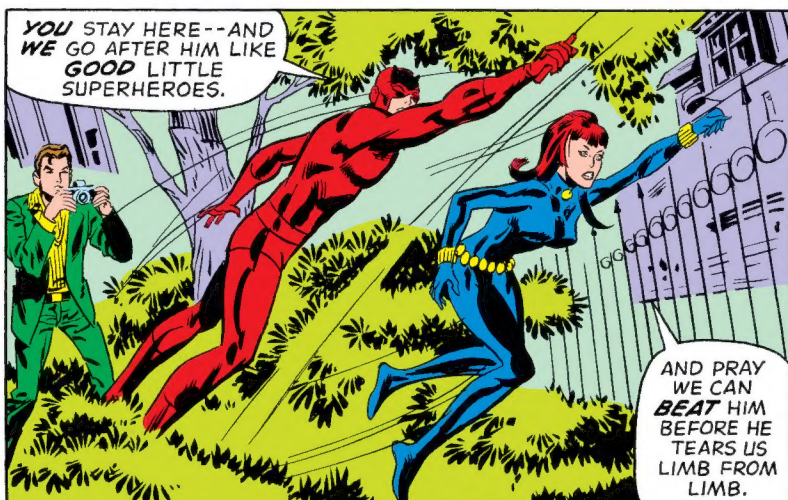
WHAT  
HAPPENED?  
WHERE'D  
HE GO?

I--I'M  
NOT  
SURE.  
I DIDN'T  
SEE.



WELL, I DID. HE  
LEAPED OVER  
YOUR SIX-FOOT  
FENCE.

NOW  
WHAT  
DO WE  
DO?



YOU STAY HERE--AND  
WE GO AFTER HIM LIKE  
GOOD LITTLE  
SUPERHEROES.

AND PRAY  
WE CAN  
BEAT HIM  
BEFORE HE  
TEARS US  
LIMB FROM  
LIMB.



IT'S NO  
GOOD...  
THEY'LL  
NEVER  
BE ABLE  
TO TAKE  
HIM  
ALONE.



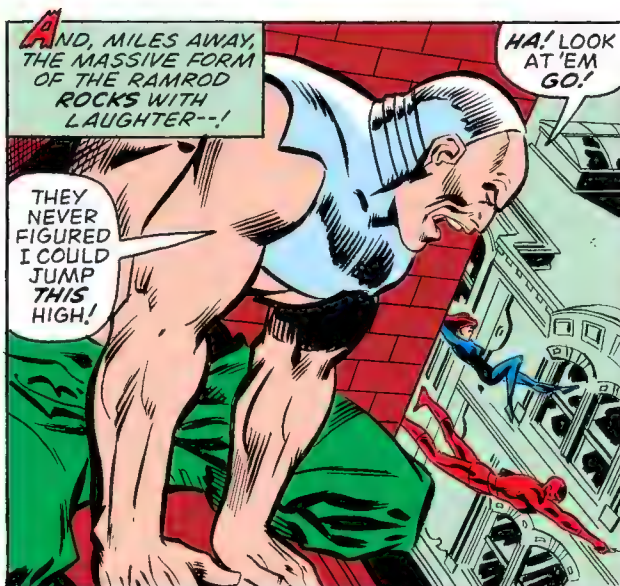
SO I'LL JUST SEE  
TO IT THEY DON'T  
HAVE TO.

BESIDES--IF  
I DON'T GET  
THAT INTERVIEW,  
JAMESON WILL  
MAKE ME PAY  
FOR THIS TRIP!



SO HANG ON,  
SAN FRAN--  
HERE COMES  
SPIDEY!





**A**ND, MILES AWAY,  
THE MASSIVE FORM  
OF THE RAMROD  
ROCKS WITH  
LAUGHTER--!

THEY  
NEVER  
FIGURED  
I COULD  
JUMP  
THIS  
HIGH!

HA! LOOK  
AT 'EM  
GO!

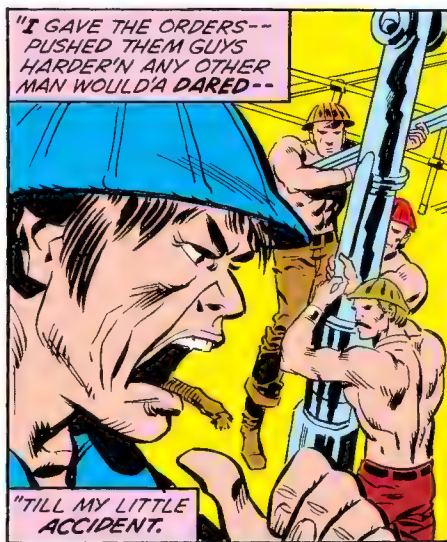


AND TA  
THINK A  
WEEK AGO  
I WAS  
NOTHIN'!

A FOREMAN ON  
A LOUSY OFF-  
SHORE OIL RIG!



"BUT EVEN  
THERE,  
I WAS THE  
RAMROD!"



"I GAVE THE ORDERS--  
PUSHED THEM GUYS  
HARDER'N ANY OTHER  
MAN WOULD'A DARED--

"TILL MY LITTLE  
ACCIDENT.



**RAMROD!  
LOOK  
OUT!**

"AN OIL DRUM--  
FULL--GOT  
LOOSE ON ME.

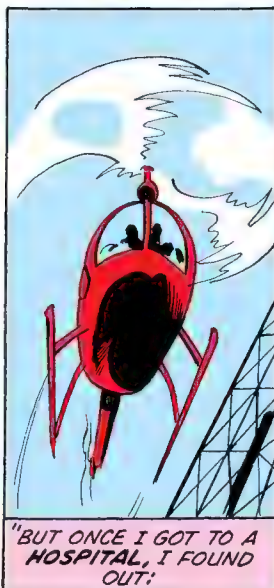


"ROLLED OVER ME ONCE--  
THEN RIGHT BACK AGAIN!"

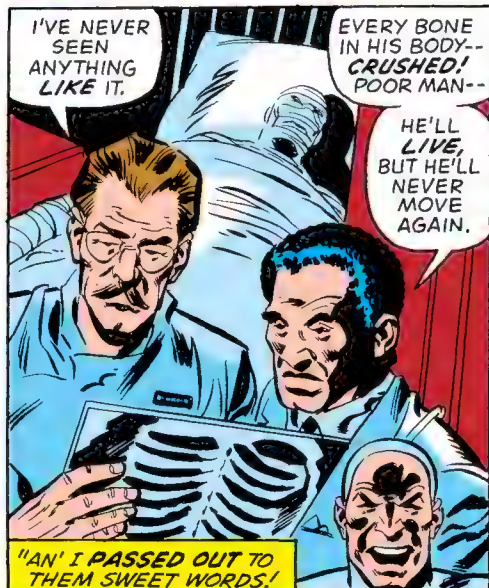
HOW IS  
HE, JOE?

ALIVE--  
THAT'S  
ABOUT IT.

"YEAH, I WAS WRECKED, ALL  
RIGHT--WORSE THAN I KNEW.



"BUT ONCE I GOT TO A  
HOSPITAL, I FOUND  
OUT:



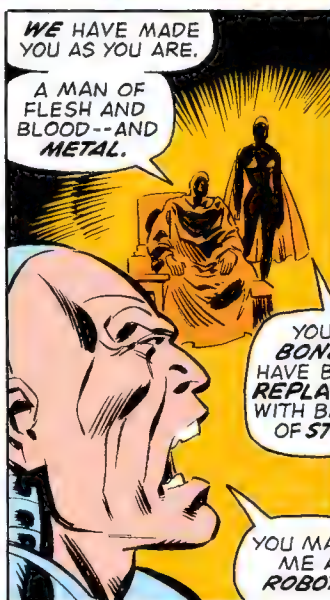
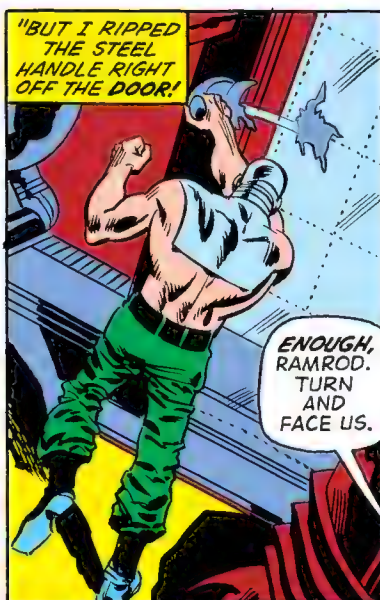
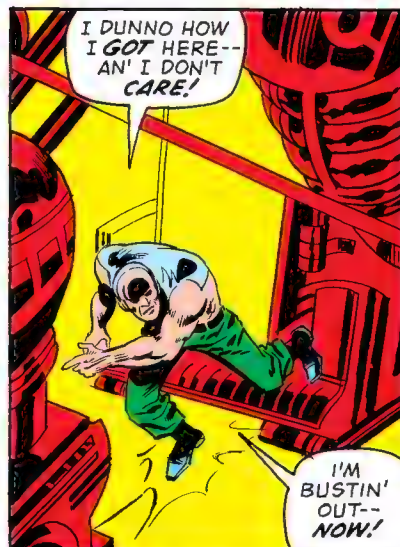
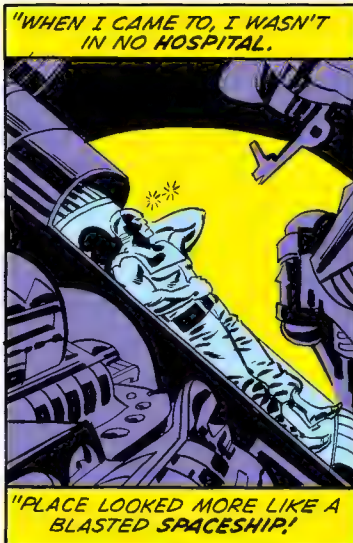
I'VE NEVER  
SEEN  
ANYTHING  
LIKE IT.

EVERY BONE  
IN HIS BODY--  
CRUSHED!  
POOR MAN--

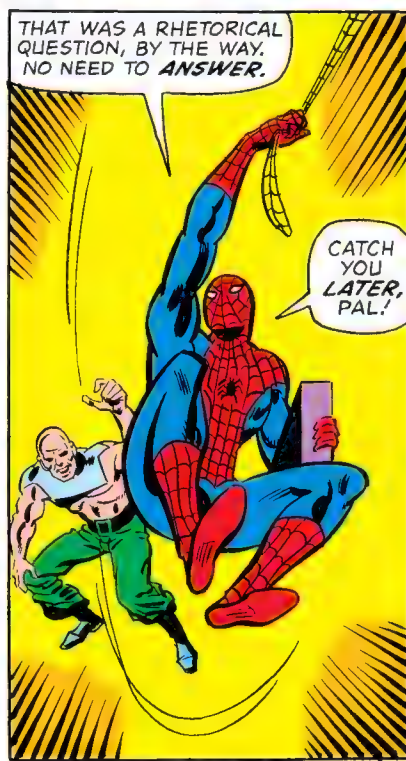
HE'LL  
LIVE,  
BUT HE'LL  
NEVER  
MOVE  
AGAIN.

"AN' I PASSED OUT TO  
THEM SWEET WORDS!"

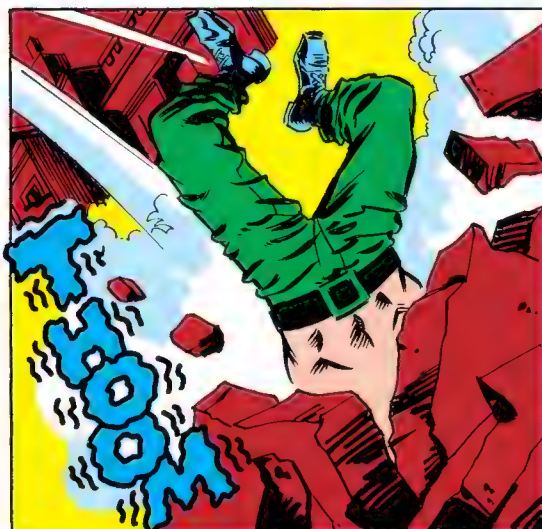
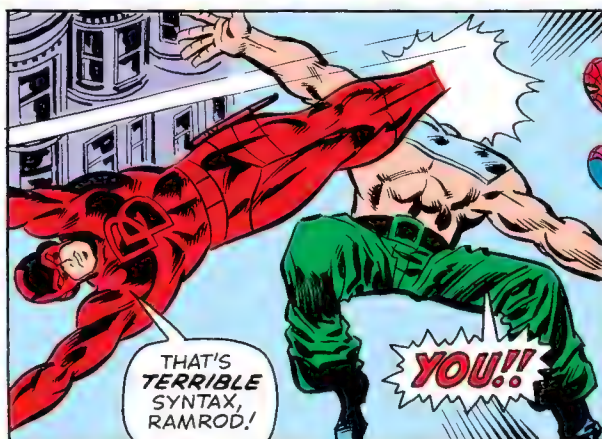
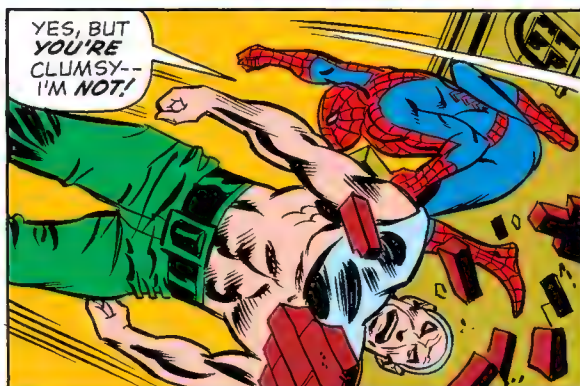
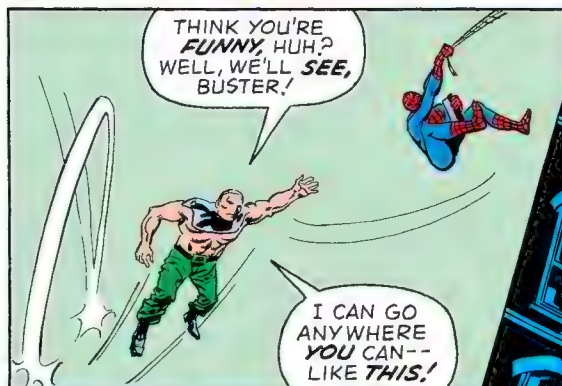
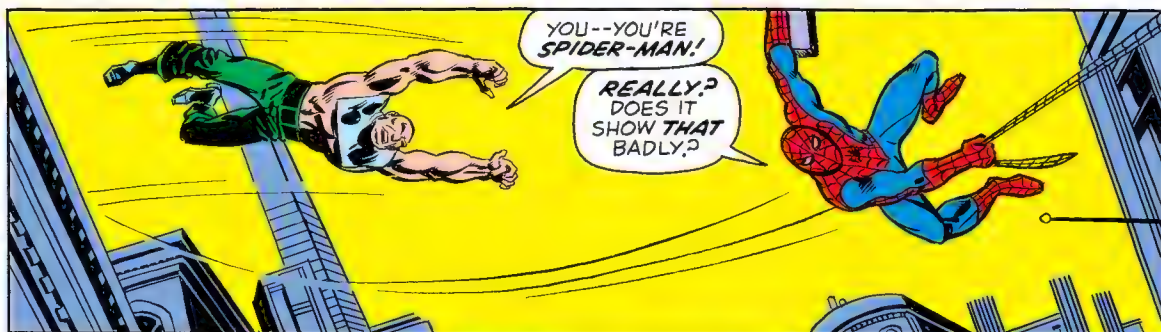




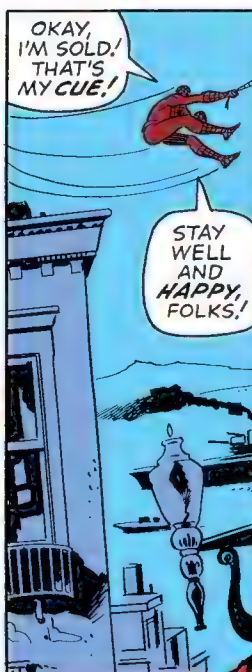
















I CAN *STILL* SMASH YOU LIKE A FLEA!

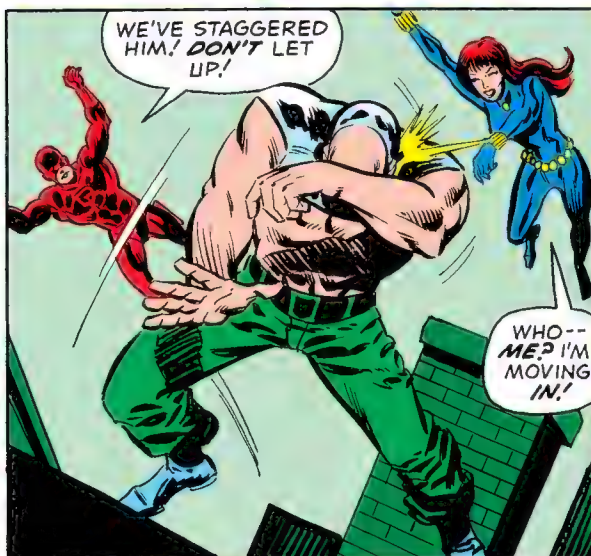
AH, BUT *FIRST* YOU HAVE TO CATCH ME!

TASHA! STING 'EM AGAIN!



FOR HERE OR TO GO, DD?

SAY-- I THINK WE'RE GETTING TO HIM!



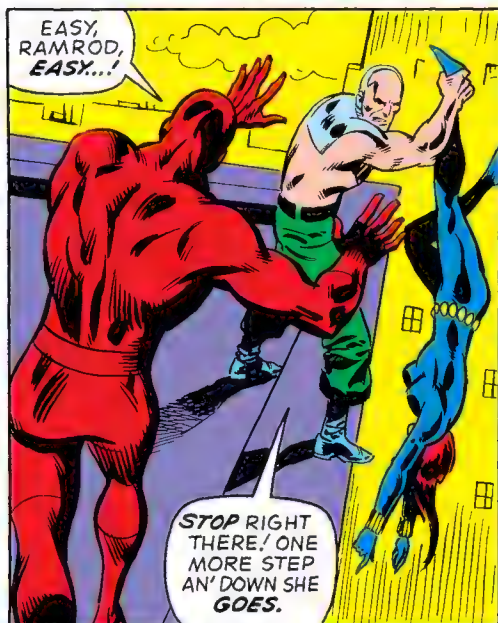
WE'VE STAGGERED HIM! DON'T LET UP!

WHO-- ME? I'M MOVING IN!



DON'T MAKE BOOK ON IT, SISTER!

IT WAS A RUSE--! OOOOoh...



EASY, RAMROD, EASY...

STOP RIGHT THERE! ONE MORE STEP AN' DOWN SHE GOES.



OKAY--NO CLOSER. BUT *THINK*, MAN! HOW CAN A BOX OF PAPERS BE WORTH A HUMAN LIFE?



THE PAPERS! YOU MADE ME FORGET 'EM AGAIN!





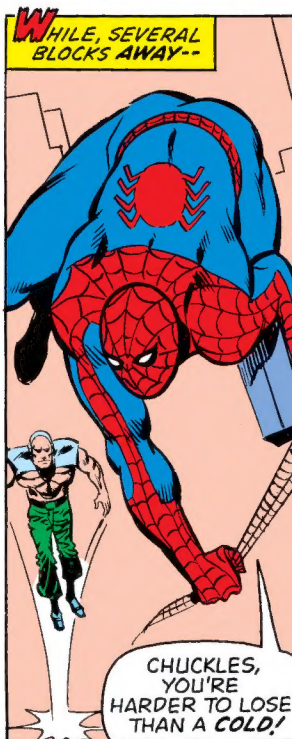
**B**ARELY A MICROSECOND PASSES BETWEEN THE TIME RAMROD RELEASES HIS GRIP ON THE WIDOW--AND THE INSTANT IN WHICH THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR DIVES HEADLONG AFTER HER!

**F**OR SO ACUTE IS DD'S HEARING THAT HE COULD DETECT THE SOUND OF NATASHA'S VINYL COSTUME SLIPPING DOWN ACROSS RAMROD'S SWEATY PALM--



--ENABLING HIM TO EXECUTE A RESCUE--

--OTHER HEROES CAN ONLY DREAM ABOUT!

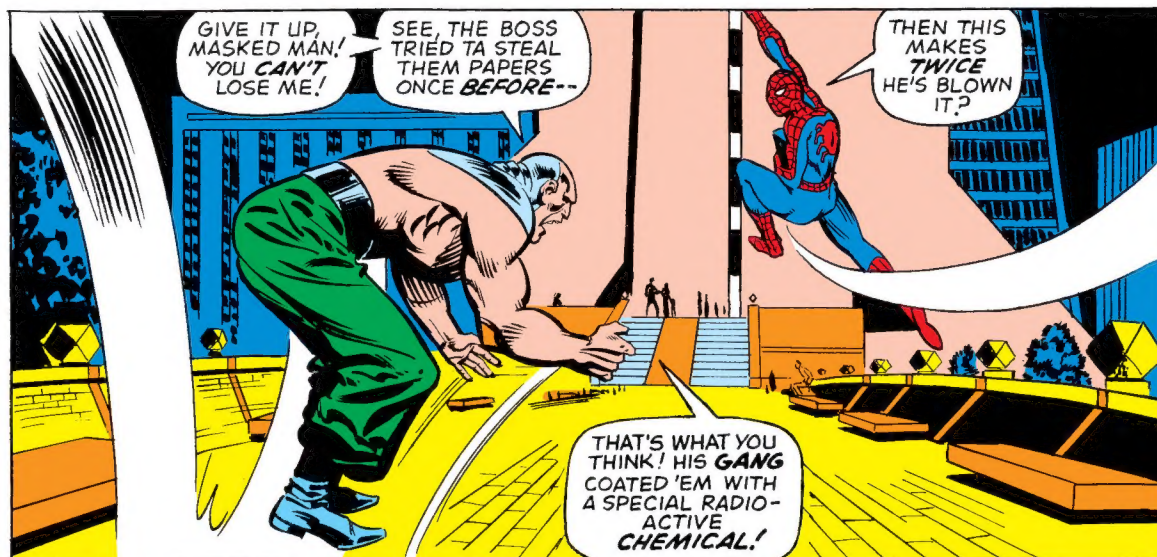


**W**HILE, SEVERAL BLOCKS AWAY--

CHUCKLES, YOU'RE HARDER TO LOSE THAN A COLD!



BUT I THINK I MAY'VE JUST FOUND THE REMEDY!



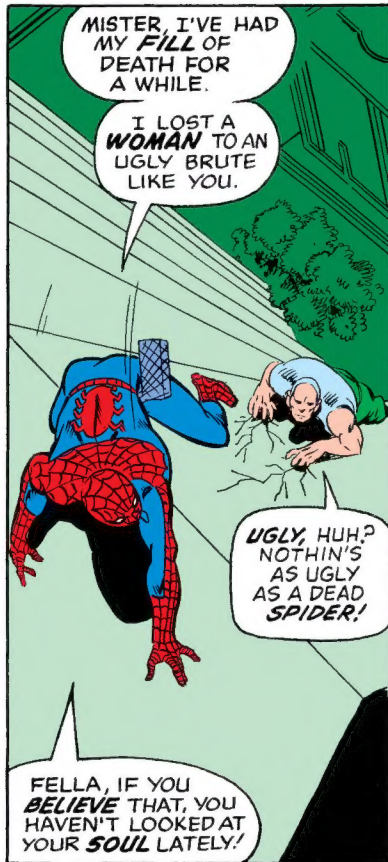
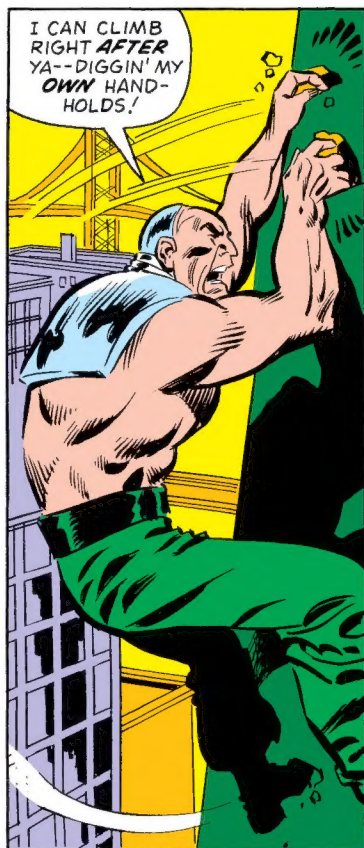
GIVE IT UP, MASKED MAN! YOU CAN'T LOSE ME!

SEE, THE BOSS TRIED TA STEAL THEM PAPERS ONCE BEFORE--

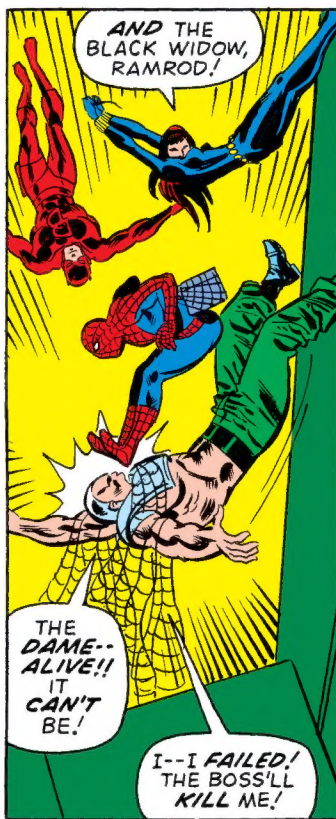
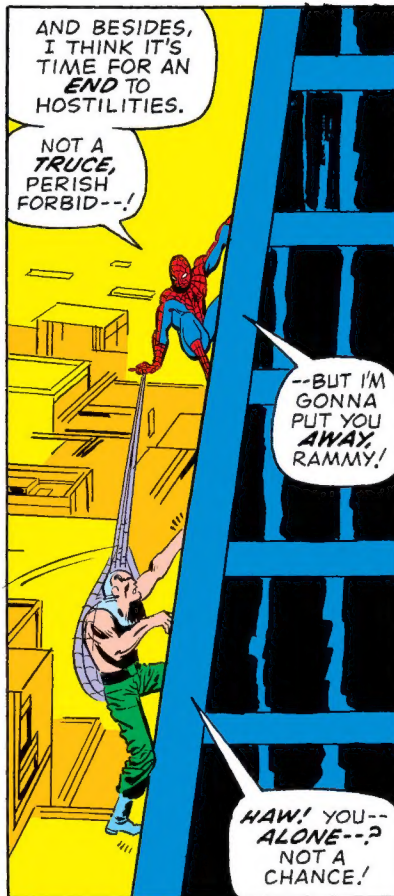
THEN THIS MAKES TWICE HE'S BLOWN IT?

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! HIS GANG COATED 'EM WITH A SPECIAL RADIO-ACTIVE CHEMICAL!

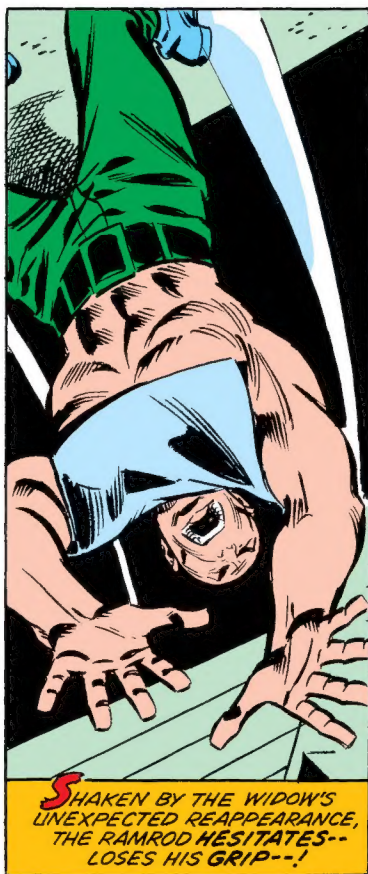




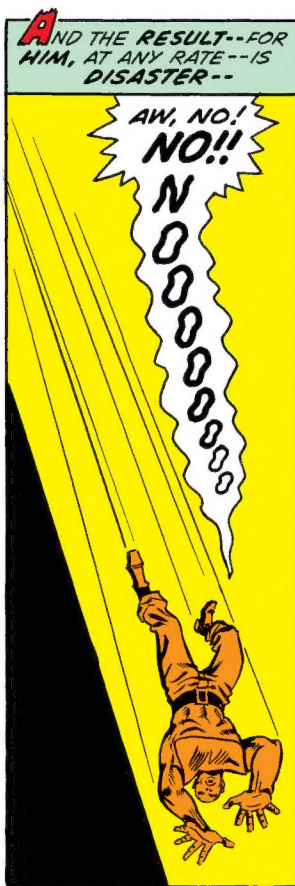






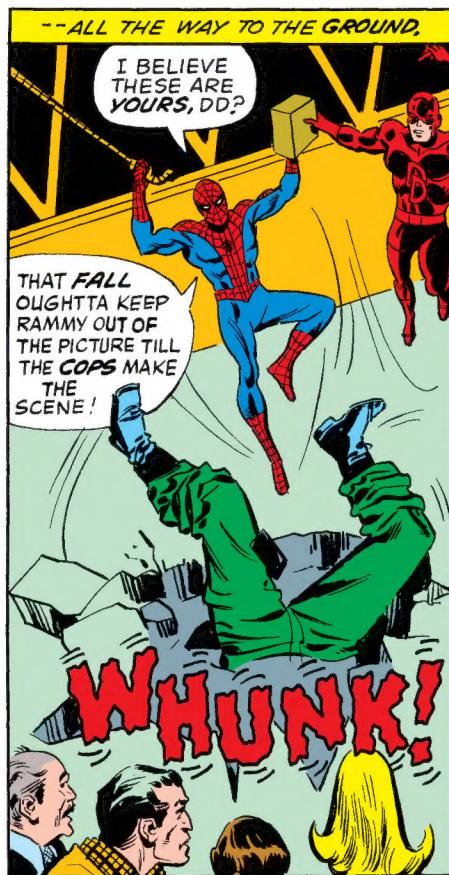


**S**HAKEN BY THE WIDOW'S UNEXPECTED REAPPEARANCE, THE RAMROD HESITATES-- LOSES HIS GRIP--!



**A**ND THE RESULT--FOR HIM, AT ANY RATE--IS DISASTER--

AW, NO!  
**NO!!**  
N  
O  
O  
O  
O  
O  
O  
O  
O  
O



-- ALL THE WAY TO THE GROUND.

I BELIEVE THESE ARE YOURS, DD?

THAT FALL OUGHTTA KEEP RAMMY OUT OF THE PICTURE TILL THE COPS MAKE THE SCENE!

**WHUNK!**



AND TAKE MY ADVICE: GET YOURSELF SOME EASIER BADDIES TO TACKLE--

--LIKE DR. DOOM!

HUH--? SURE... THANKS, FELLA.



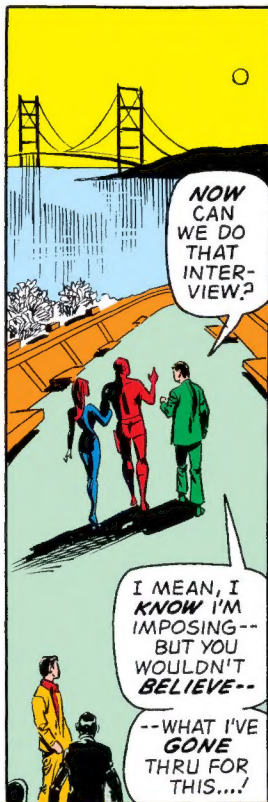
IT'S WEIRD--HE POPS UP OUT OF NOWHERE-- HELPS US--

--THEN JUST SWINGS OFF INTO THE SUNSET!



MAYBE HE'LL EXPLAIN SOME OTHER TI--OH! LOOK!

HEY, YOU TWO!



NOW CAN WE DO THAT INTERVIEW?

I MEAN, I KNOW I'M IMPOSING-- BUT YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE--

--WHAT I'VE GONE THRU FOR THIS...!

**NEXT: THE INCOMPARABLE MENACE OF THE MAN CALLED--KRAVEN THE HUNTER!**